

(third edition.)

SALMAGUNDI ;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez.
Et smokem, toasteem, roasteem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broil'd, and stew'd, and toasted,
And fried, and boil'd, and smok'd, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. I.] *Saturday, January 24, 1807.*

As every body knows, or ought to know, what a SALMAGUNDI is, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of an explanation—besides, we despise trouble as we do every thing that is low and mean ; and hold the man who would incur it unnecessarily, as an object worthy our highest pity and contempt. Neither will we puzzle our heads to give an account of ourselves, for two reasons ; first, because it is nobody's business ; secondly, because if it were, we do not hold ourselves bound to attend to any body's business but our own ; and even *that* we take the liberty of neglecting when its suits our inclination. To these we might add a third, that very few men can give a tolerable account of themselves, let them try ever so hard ; but this reason we candidly avow, would not hold good with ourselves.

There are, however, two or three pieces of information which we bestow gratis on the public, chiefly because it suits our own pleasure and convenience that they should be known, and partly because we do not wish that there should be any ill will between us at the commencement of our acquaintance.

Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town and castigate the age ; this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence. We intend for this purpose to present a striking picture of the town ; and as every body is anxious to see his own phiz on canvas, however stupid or ugly it may be, we have no doubt but the whole town will flock to our exhibition. Our picture will necessarily include a vast variety of figures : and should any gentleman or lady, be displeased with the inveterate truth of their likenesses, they may ease their spleen by laughing at those of their neighbors—this being what we understand by **POETICAL JUSTICE**.

Like all true and able editors, we consider ourselves infallible, and therefore with the customary diffidence of our brethren of the quill, we shall take the liberty of interfering in all matters either of a public or private nature. We are critics, amateurs, dillitanti, and cognoscenti ; and as we know “ by the pricking of our thumbs,” that every opinion which we may advance in either of those characters will be correct, we are determined, though it may be questioned, contradicted, or even controverted, yet it shall never be revoked.

We beg the public particularly to understand, that we solicit no patronage. We are determined, on the contrary, that the patronage shall be entirely on our side. We have nothing to do with the pe-

euniary concerns of the paper ; its success will yield us neither pride nor profit—nor will its failure occasion to us either loss or mortification. We advise the public, therefore, to purchase our numbers merely for their own sakes—if they do not, let them settle the affair with their consciences and posterity.

To conclude, we invite all editors of newspapers and literary journals, to praise us heartily in advance, as we assure them that we intend to deserve their praises. To our next door neighbor “Town,” we hold out a hand of amity, declaring to him that, after ours, his paper will stand the best chance for immortality. We proffer an exchange of civilities ; he shall furnish us with notices of epic poems and tobacco—and we in return will enrich him with original speculations on all manner of subjects ; together with “the rummaging of my grandfather’s mahogany chest of drawers,” “the life and amours of mine uncle John,” anecdotes of the Cockloft family,” and learned quotations from that unheard of writer of folios, *Linkum Fidelius*.

PUBLISHER’S NOTICE.

This work will be published and sold by D. Longworth. It will be printed on hot-prest veilum paper, as that is held in highest estimation for buckling up young ladies’ hair—a purpose to which similar works are usually appropriated : it will be a small neat duodecimo size, so that when enough numbers are written, it may form a volume sufficiently portable to be carried in old ladies’ pockets and young ladies’ work-bags.

A.L. 344.15.1

1873 May 23

On request of
Hon. James Savage,
of Boston.

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SALMAGUNDI

As the above work will not come out at stated periods, notice will be given when another number will be published. The price will depend on the size of the number, and must be paid on delivery. The publisher professes the same sublime contempt for money as his authors. The liberal patronage bestowed by his discerning fellow-citizens on various works of taste which he has published, has left him no *inclination* to ask for further favours at their hands, and he publishes this work in the mere hope of requiting their bounty.*

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WE were a considerable time in deciding whether we should be at the pains of introducing ourselves to the publick. As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands and answer to our names.

Willing, however, to gain at once that frank, confidential footing, which we are certain of ultimately possessing in this doubtless, “best of all possible cities;” and, anxious to spare its worthy

* *It was not originally the intention of the authors to insert the above address in the work; but, unwilling that a morceau so precious, should be lost to posterity, they have been induced to alter their minds. This will account for any repetition of idea that may appear in the introductory essay.*

inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand *wise* conjectures, not one of which would be worth a “tobacco-stopper;” we have thought it in some degree a necessary exertion of charitable condescension to furnish them with a slight clue to the truth.

Before we proceed further, however, we advise every body, man, woman, and child, that can read, or get any friend to read for them, to purchase this paper:—not that we write for money; for, in common with all philosophical wiseacres, from Solomon downwards, we hold it in supreme contempt. The publick are welcome to buy this work, or not, just as they choose. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the publick—and the publisher—we gain not a stiver. If it be not purchased, we give fair warning—we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams, in one promiscuous blaze; and, like the books of the sybils and the Alexandrian Library, they will be lost forever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher, for the sake of the Publick, and for the sake of the Publick’s children, to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper. We beg the respectable old matrons of this city, not to be alarmed at the appearance we make;—we are none of those outlandish geniusses who swarm in New-York, who live by their wits, or rather by the little wit of their neighbours; and who spoil the genuine honest american tastes of their daughters, with french slops and fricasseed sentiment.

We have said we do not write for money—neither do we write for fame;—we know too well the variable nature of publick opinion, to build our hopes upon it—we *care* not what the publick think of us; and we suspect, before we reach the tenth

number, they will not *know* what to think of us. In two words—we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves—and this we shall be sure of doing; for we are all three of us determined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If in the course of this work, we edify and instruct and amuse the publick, so much the better for the publick:—but we frankly acknowledge that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse, whatever the publick may think of us.—While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily—if we moralize, it shall be but seldom; and, on all occasions, we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry; for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion, that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, jolly dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life—and takes the world as it goes.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world;—nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded book-worm cynics squint at the little extravagancies of the ton; but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep a more than Cerberus watch over the guardian rules of female delicacy and decorum, we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanour, or innocent vivacity of character.— Before we advance one line further, we must let it be understood, as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New-York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings, that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate

in any or all of the four elements ; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and unseemly conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world ;— nor will the gentlemen, who *doze* away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying. We mean those stupid fellows, who sit stock-still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how damned stupid it was at miss —'s party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and controul of **ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.** to whom all communications on this subject, are to be addressed. This gentleman, from his long experience in the routine of balls, tea-parties, and assemblies, is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He is a kind of patriarch in the fashionable world ; and has seen generation after generation pass away into the silent tomb of matrimony, while he remains unchangeably the same. He can recount the amours and courtships of the fathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts, and even grandames, of all the belles of the present day, provided their pedigrees extend so far back, without being lost in obscurity. As, however, treating of pedigrees is rather an ungrateful task in this city, and as we mean to be perfectly good-natured, he has promised to be cautious in this particular. He recollects perfectly the time when young ladies used to go sleigh riding, at night, without their mammas, or grand-mammas ; in short, without being matronized at all ; and can

relate a thousand pleasant stories about Kissing-bridge. He likewise remembers the time when ladies paid tea-visits, at three in the afternoon, and returned before dark to see that the house was shut up and the servants on duty. He has often played cricket in the orchard in the rear of old Vauxhall, and remembers when the Bull's-head was quite out of town. Though he has slowly and gradually given into modern fashions, and still flourishes in the *beau-monde*, yet he seems a little prejudiced in favour of the dress and manners of the *old school*; and his chief commendation of a new mode is, "that it is the same good old fashion we had before the war." It has cost us much trouble to make him confess that a cotillion is superior to a minuet, or an unadorned crop to a pig-tail and powder. Custom and fashion have, however, had more effect on him than all our lectures; and he tempers so happily the grave and ceremonious gallantry of the old school, with the "hail fellow" familiarity of the new, that, we trust, on a little acquaintance, and making allowance for his old-fashioned prejudices, he will become a very considerable favourite with our readers;—if not, the worse for themselves, as they will have to endure his company.

In the territory of criticism, **WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.** has undertaken to preside; and though we may all dabble in it a little, by turns, yet we have willingly ceded to him all discretionary powers in this respect. Though Will has not had the advantage of an education at Oxford, at Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh, or Aberdeen, and though he is but little versed in hebrew, yet we have no doubt he will be found fully competent to the undertaking. He has

improved his taste by a long residence abroad, particularly at Canton, Calcutta, and the gay and polished court of Hayti. He has also had an opportunity of seeing the best singing-girls, and tragedians of China, is a great connoisseur in mandarine dresses, and porcelane, and particularly values himself on his intimate knowledge of the buffalo, and war dances of the northern indians. He is likewise promised the assistance of a gentleman, lately from London, who was born and bred in that centre of science and *bon gout*, the vicinity of Fleet-market, where he has been edified man and boy, these six and-twenty years, with the harmonious jingle of Bow-bells. His taste, therefore, has attained to such an exquisite pitch of refinement, that there are few exhibitions of any kind which do not put him in a fever. He has assured Will, that if mr. Cooper emphasises “*and*” instead of “*but*”—or mrs. Oldmixon pins her kerchief a hair’s breadth awry—or mrs. Darley offers to dare to look less than the “daughter of a senator of Venice”—the standard of a senator’s daughter being exactly six feet—they shall all hear of it in good time. We have, however, advised Will Wizard to keep his friend in check, lest by opening the eyes of the publick to the wretchedness of the actors by whom they have hitherto been entertained, he might cut off one source of amusement from our fellow-citizens. We hereby give notice, that we have taken the whole corps, from the manager in his mantle of gorgeous copper-lace, to honest *John* in his green coat and black breeches, under our wing—and woe be unto him who injures a hair of their heads. As we have no design against the patience of our fellow-cit-

zens, we shall not *dose* them with copious draughts of theatrical criticism ; we well know that they have already been well physicked with them of late : our theatricks shall take up but a small part of our paper ; nor shall they be altogether confined to the stage, but extend, from time to time, to those incorrigible offenders against the peace of society, the stage-criticks, who not unfrequently create the fault they find, in order to yield an opening for their wit-cisms—censure an actor for a gesture he never made, or an emphasis he never gave ; and, in their attempt to show off *new readings*, make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. If any one should feel himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us in return—we shall not wince from the combat. If his passes be successful, we will be the first to cry out, a hit ! a hit ! and we doubt not we shall frequently lay ourselves open to the weapons of our assailants. But let them have a care how they run a tilting with us—they have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pummeling : we will be relentless in our vengeance, and will fight “ till from our bones the flesh be hackt.”

What other subjects we shall include in the range of our observations, we have not determined, or rather we shall not trouble ourselves to detail. The publick have already more information concerning us, than we intended to impart. We owe them no favours, neither do we ask any. We again advise them for their own sakes, to read our papers when they come out. We recommend to all mothers to purchase them for their daughters, who will be taught the true line of propriety, and the most adviseable method of managing their beaux. We

advise all daughters to purchase them for the sake of their mothers, who shall be initiated into the ar- cana of the bon-ton, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during the last century : parents shall be taught how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them.

As we do not measure our wits by the yard or the bushel, and as they do not flow periodically nor constantly, we shall not restrict our paper as to size or the time of its appearance. It will be published whenever we have sufficient matter to constitute a number, and the size of the number shall depend on the stock in hand. This will best suit our ne- gligent habits, and leave us that full liberty and in- dependence which is the joy and pride of our souls. As we have before hinted, that we do not concern ourselves about the pecuniary matters of our pa- per, we leave its price to be regulated by our pub- lisher ; only recommending him, for his own inter- est, and the honour of his authors, not to sell their invaluable productions too cheap.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us ?—let him read **SALMAGUNDI**, and grow wise apace. Thus much we will say—there are three of us, “ Bardolph, Peto, and I,” all townsmen good and true ;—many a time, and oft have we three amused the town, without its knowing to whom it was indebted ; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twinkle faintly on our stu- dious phizes, and heard the morning salutation of “ past three o’clock,” before we sought our pil- lows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the publick ; and little as we care for the

opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lies in our careless natures, to fulfil the promises made in this introduction ;—if we do not, we shall have so many examples to justify us, that we feel little solicitude on that account.

THEATRICKS.

containing the quintessence of modern criticism.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

MACBETH was performed to a very crowded house, and much to *our* satisfaction. As, however, our neighbour TOWN has been very voluminous already in his criticisms on this play, we shall make but few remarks. Having never seen KEMBLE in this character, we are absolutely at a loss to say whether MR. COOPER performed it well or not. We think, however, there was an error in his *costume*, as the learned Linkum Fidelius is of opinion that in the time of Macbeth the Scots did not wear sandals, but wooden shoes. Macbeth also was noted for wearing his jacket open, that he might play the scotch fiddle more conveniently—that being an hereditary accomplishment in the Glamis family.

We have seen this character performed in China, by the celebrated *Chow-Chow*, the Roscius of that great empire, who in the dagger scene, always electrified the audience by blowing his nose like a trumpet. *Chow-Chow* in compliance with the opinion of the sage Linkum Fidelius, performed Macbeth in wooden shoes ; this gave him an opportunity of producing great effect, for on first seeing the “air

drawn dagger" he always cut a prodigious high caper, and kicked his shoes into the pit at the heads of the criticks ; whereupon the audience were marvelously delighted, flourished their hands, and stroaked their whiskers three times, and the matter was carefully recorded in the next number of a paper called the *flim flam* (*english—town*) ;

We were much pleased with MRS. VILLIERS, in lady MACBETH ; but we think she would have given a greater effect to the night-scene, if, instead of holding the candle in her hand, or setting it down on the table, which is sagaciously censured by neighbour Town, she had stuck it in her night-cap. This would have been extremely picturesque, and would have marked more strongly the derangement of her mind.

Mrs. Villiers, however, is not by any means large enough for the character ; lady Macbeth having been, in our opinion, a woman of extraordinary size, and of the race of the giants, notwithstanding what she says of her " little hand—" which being said in her sleep passes for nothing. We should be happy to see this character in the hands of the lady who played *Glumdalca*, queen of the giants, in Tom Thumb ; she is exactly of imperial dimensions, and, provided she is well shaved, of a most interesting physiognomy : as she appears likewise to be a lady of some nerve, I dare engage she will read a letter about witches vanishing in air, and such *common occurences*, without being unnaturally surprised, to the annoyance of honest " Town."

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We are happy to observe that mr. Cooper profits by the instructions of friend Town, and does not dip the daggers in blood so deep as formerly by a

matter of an inch or two. This was a violent outrage upon our immortal bard. We rather differ with Mr. Town in his *reading* of the words "this is a *sorry sight*." We are of opinion the force of the sentence should be thrown on the word *sight*, because Macbeth having been, shortly before, most confoundedly humbugged with an aerial dagger, was in doubt whether the daggers actually in his hands were real, or, whether they were not mere shadows, or as the old English *may* have termed it, *syghtes* (this at any rate will establish our skill in *new readings*). Though we differ in this respect from our neighbor Town, yet, we heartily agree with him in censuring Mr. Cooper for omitting that passage so remarkable for "beauty of imagery, &c." beginning with "and pity like a naked new-born babe, &c." It is one of those passages of Shakespeare which should always be retained, for the purpose of showing how sometimes that great poet could talk like a buzzard; or, to speak more plainly, like the famous mad poet, Nat Lee.

As it is the first duty of a friend to advise,—and as we profess and do actually feel a friendship for honest "Town," we warn him, never in his criticisms, to meddle with a lady's "petticoats," or to quote Nick Bottom. In the first instance, he may "catch a tartar;" and in the second, the ass's head may rise up in judgment against him, and when it is once afloat, there is no knowing where some unlucky hand may place it. We would not, for all the money in our pockets, see Town flourishing his critical quill under the auspices of an ass's head, like the great Franklin in his *Monterio Caf.*

NEW-YORK ASSEMBLY

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The Assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have arisen from the east and from the north, to brighten the firmament of fashion; among the number I have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honor with Herschell for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satellites which revolve around it.

At the last assembly the company began to make some show about *eight*, but the most fashionable delayed their appearance until about *nine*—*nine* being the number of the *muses*, and therefore the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the *graces*. (This is meant for a pretty play upon words, and I assure my readers that I think it very tolerable).

Poor WILL HONEYCOMB, whose memory I hold in special consideration, even with his half century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humors of a lady by her prevailing colors; for the “rival queens” of fashion, mrs. TOOLE and madame BOUHARD, appeared to have exhausted their wonderful inventions in the different disposition, variation and combination of tints and shades. The *philosopher* who maintained that black was white, and that *of course* there was no such color as white, might have given some color to his theory on this occasion, by the absence of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains its ground against all her colors, because red is the color of mr. Jefferson’s * * * * Tom Paine’s nose, and my slippers.

Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age ; for my part, I was delighted with the magic of the scene, and as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling and glowing and dazzling, I, like the honest chines, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of bystanders, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being as usual equip'd in their appropriate *black uniforms*, constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant gaiety of the ball room. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend the cockney, mr. 'SBIDLIKENS-FLASH, or 'Sbidlikens, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite veracity—stands in high favor with himself,—and like Caleb Quotem, is "up to every thing." I remember when a comfortable plump looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow : 'Sbidlikens observed that it reminded him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest pains-taking snail who had once walked six feet in an hour for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story, to say, that the ladies of New-York dance well ;—and well may they, since they learn it scientifically and begin their lessons before they have quit their swaddling clothes. The immortal DUPORT has usurped despotic sway over all the female heads and heals in this city ;—hornbooks, primmers and pianoes are neglected to attend to his positions ; and poor CHILTON, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the " North-river society " 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably

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continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of *five-and-twenty* dollars a quarter, and all the other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money"—but I put no faith in Sbidlikens' candor in this particular. Among his innumerate of endowments, he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often flounders through a *cotillion*, yet he never cut a *pigeon-wing* in his life.

In my mind, there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts—the public shall know all about it. As I never dance *cotillions*, holding them to be monstrous distortors of the human frame, and antamount in their operations, to be broken and dislocated on the wheel; I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations, I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about, without appertaining to my body. After much investigation and difficulty, I at length traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all frenchmen, to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but Nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject, and by the most accurate computation I have determined that a frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gosamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o-lantern heroes, in taking a *figure*, which neither Euclid, nor Pythagoras himself, could demonstrate, unfortunately found himself—I mean his foot—his better part—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top; unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself, without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprung up, like a sturgeon,

crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man, "of woman born," who was not a frenchman, or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lilies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily exprest, and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of *flesh and blood*. Now could I find it in my heart to baste these cocknies, like their own roast-beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance, but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it *is* beautiful?

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid out with their *usual* splendor and profusion. My friend 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of hungry fair ones who throng the supper-room door:—his precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn—no ladies fainted—no noses bled—nor was there any need of the interference of either managers or peace-officers.

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Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs, and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age;—for my part, I was delighted with the magick of the scene, and as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling and glowing and dazzling, I, like the honest chines, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of bystanders, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being as usual equipt in their appropriate *black uniforms*, constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant gaiety of the ball-room. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend the cockney, mr. 'SBIDLICKENS-FLASH, or 'Sbidlikens, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite ~~ver~~^{er}bosity—stands in high favour—with himself, and, like Caleb Quotem, is “up to every thing.” I remember when a comfortable plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow: 'Sbidlikens observed ~~that it was like a~~ a ~~was~~ fable, which he had read plainly, like the famous mad pf an honest pains-taking

As it is the first duty of a friend in an hour for a wa-
as we profess and do actually feel a friendship ^{it} by the el-
honest “Town,” we warn him, never in his criti-
cisms, to meddle with a lady’s “petticoats,” or to
quote Nick Bottom. In the first instance he may
“catch a tartar;” and in the second, the ass’s head
may rise up in judgment against him, and when it
is once afloat there is no knowing where some un-
lucky hand may place it. We would not, for all
the money in our pockets, see Town flourishing his
critickal quill under the auspices of an ass’s head,
like the great Franklin in his *Monterio Cap.*